Vol. CXLIV. No. 1871.

THE BYSTANDER October 25, 1939

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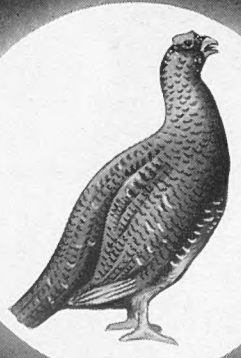

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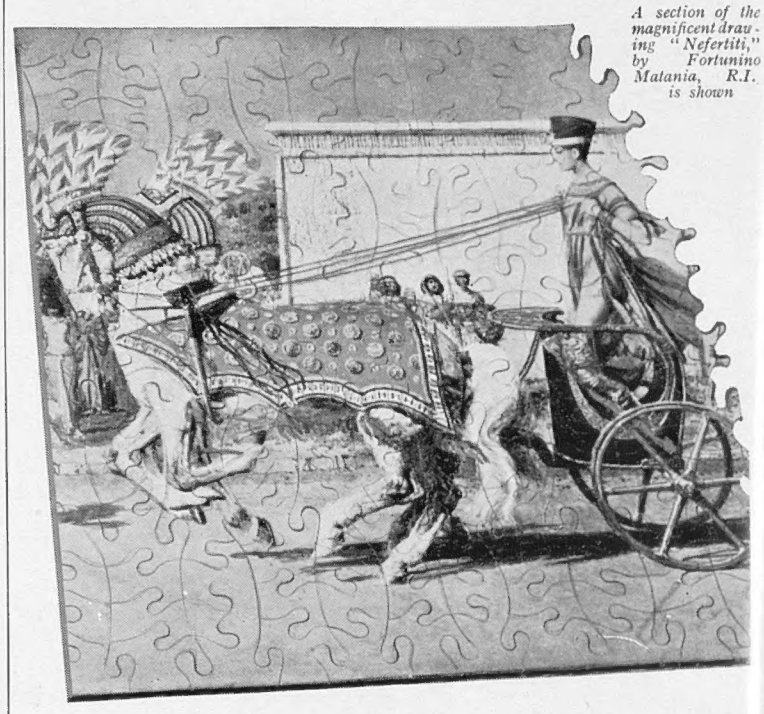

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by Fortunino Matania, R.I. is shown

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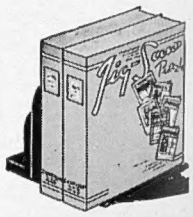


The Bystander, October 25, 1939 No. 1871. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

Ellen Drew in "French Without Tears"

This glamorous satiny creature is the girl chosen to translate into screen terms Kay Hammond's inimitable, delicious, wicked performance in the longest running comedy of recent years. Terence Rattigan sold the film rights of *French Without Tears* to Paramount, and they set David E. Rose to produce it in England, with Anthony Asquith as director, and sent over Ray Milland and Ellen Drew as stars. Miss Drew was a clerk in a Chicago ten-cent store before Hollywood lured her, and then she worked behind a soda fountain for nearly two years before she was signed up and put to dramatic school. Months later, she got her first chance in *Sing, You Sinners*, with Bing Crosby and Fred McMurray. At the Plaza, where *French Without Tears* had its world premiere last Friday, you can see for yourself whether a new comedy star has really been born. Back in Hollywood they 've now put her into melodrama, in a film called *Women Behind Bars*

Ambulance Drivers

Lady Milford Haven and Miss Joan Swinstead belong to the same voluntary ambulance depot in London and were on duty in the same shift. Joan Swinstead is now in the Gate Revue, which reopened, with new songs and sketches, at the Ambassadors last Thursday

Chauffeuse

Miss Thalia Gordon, 1939 debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, Salisbury, is now in the A.T.S., and drives a staff car in Wiltshire. Her twin sister, Anthea, is a Land Girl. Another sister, Dawn, was married a month ago, is now Mrs. A. M. C. Wigan

Red Cross Collectors

Mrs. Rex Harrison and Miss Susan Bligh, in their uniforms, helped to take the collection for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John's Fund which was made at the "Nurse Cavell" premiere. Nearly £3000 was the result of the appeal made by Irene Vanbrugh

Family Party at the Eton Steeplechase

Young Lord Blandford, his string-slung gas-mask elegantly tied over his morning suit, led his family round when they went down to visit him and see the Eton Steeplechase last week. But he seems to be the only member of his party who wears one; his father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, are maskless, though the Duchess wears in her buttonhole the badge of the Auxiliary Territorial Service; Lady Caroline Churchill also has no mask. Half-hidden, at the right, is the family's youngest, Rosemary

Ritz Lunchers

An R.A.F. officer lunching with his wife at the Ritz last week was Mr. Nigel Seely, younger brother of Sir Hugh Seely. Mrs. Seely was Isabella Rieben before their marriage in 1937 and is well known as an amateur golfer. The Seelys have a small son who is nearly two

Chelsea Nurse

The Hon. Pamela Stanley (left) is working at the Chelsea A.R.P. post, of which her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock, is commandant. She was the Queen Victoria of the English stage, was acting in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Perth Festival when war broke out

Lady Castlerosse and Sir Anthony Lindsay Hogg (right) were in the audience at the Odeon when "Nurse Cavell" had its premiere at a gala matinee

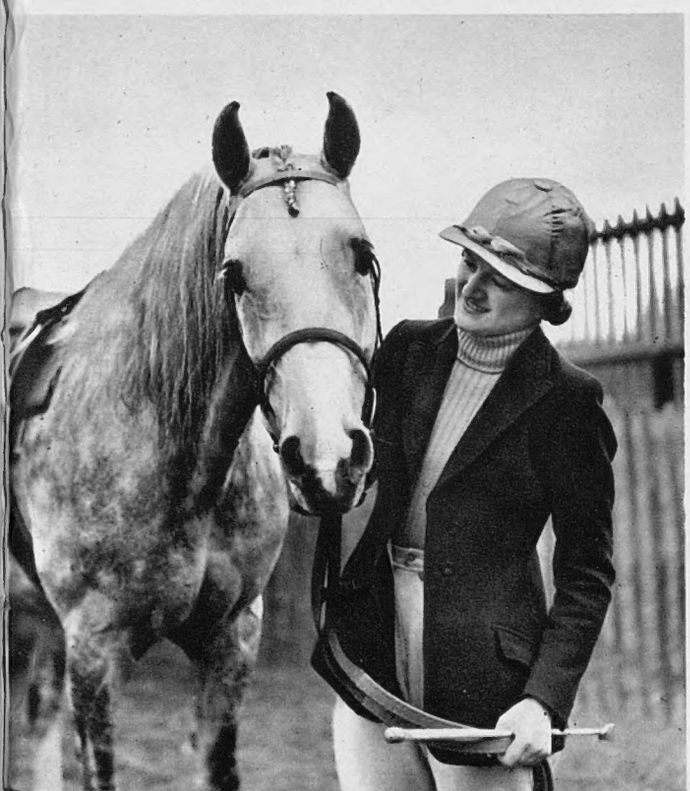
Social Register

Restaurant Diners

Miss Eileen Bennett, the young film-actress, and Captain the Hon. Richard Norton had dinner together at the May Fair. He is one of the big men of the British film industry and a member of the Board of Trade Films Council

Audience for the "Nurse Edith Cavell" Premiere

Miss Catherine Keith-Frazer, Commander Sir Reginald Leeds, Mr. W. R. Watson and Lady Brougham and Vaux were four more at the gala premiere of "Nurse Cavell" (pictures of the film in last week's issue), in which Anna Neagle (film counterpart of Pamela Stanley's stage Queen Victoria) is the star



Newmarket Jockey

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy was one of the eight riders in this year's Town Plate, the famous Newmarket race for women jockeys. She rode Mr. R. Taylor's Simple Simon, but was not placed. Miss Vera Bullock on Contrevent won the race in which trainers' daughters took the first three places. Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy is the younger sister of the late Duke of Grafton

Newmarket Fanciers

The Newmarket bloodstock sales, prelude to the first racing there under Jockey Club rules for seven weeks, were held on Tuesday last week and had to cope with a good deal of business from the abandoned Doncaster sale. Two horse-fanciers by the show-ring were the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood and the Duchess of Norfolk

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT seems likely that on the Western Front the French troops will soon be withdrawn almost entirely from their advance posts on German soil. It was obviously never their intention to remain in temporary entrenchments out in No-Man's-Land on the approach of winter. If they retire to the Maginot Line, it will then be for the Germans to make up their minds whether they prefer to winter out in the open or to go back to their own Siegfried Line.

THE war correspondents have arrived in France, and they seem to be having difficulty not only in finding the war, but in finding the British Army. They are all unanimous in praising the extraordinary skill with which the British units have camouflaged themselves. It is possible, apparently, to pass through a district that is heavily manned by our men and not see more than an occasional sentry.

VETERANS of the last war will read with a certain amount of envy the information that nearly five million pint bottles of British beer went to France last week. The French beer was all right if nothing else was available, but after all, any beer is all right in those circumstances (except some stuff I once had in Riga called Beero). But I fancy the troops will prefer the English bottles.

THE members of the Edinburgh Safety First Council were sitting during the raid on the ships in the Forth, and they were discussing the possibility of improving the lighting in the city in view of the obvious fact that no air raids were likely to come in the Edinburgh direction. The meeting, it is understood, adjourned abruptly, and decided to talk about other things in future.

THE first copy of a magazine called *Inside Nazi Germany* has just reached me. It is published by the London Committee of the Secret German Opposition, and a very interesting threepenceworth it is. It contains articles written, for example, inside Germany about the famous Freedom Broadcasting Station, and news from many of the big towns, such as Hamburg, Magdeburg, Essen, and so on. Anti-Nazi slogans are appearing on the walls of many factories, and there is universal grumbling about the rations. But the magazine is careful to point out that this internal opposition can only move very carefully and slowly.

THE House of Commons is still a little bewildered at the appointment of Sir John Gilmour to be Minister of Shipping. Sir John Gilmour is personally very popular with all parties, but his record as an administrator at the Ministry of Agriculture and the Home Office was not of a sufficiently outstanding nature to make people believe that he has the energy and the drive to make a successful Minister in wartime.

THE Ministry of Information is still under heavy fire from all sides. The widely-advertised cut in the number of employees from 999 to 470 is not quite so spectacular as it sounds. About 450 names are no longer on the pay-sheet of the Ministry, but these have simply been transferred elsewhere, and the taxpayer foots the bill as before. For instance, more than 300 employees in the Censorship Department have been transferred in a mass to a new department.

THERE was very little space in the newspapers for a report of the debate on the Ministry. I took the trouble to buy *Hansard* for myself, and found some very startling material in some of the speeches. The most effective speech against the Ministry was by Mr. MacLaren, one of the Labour Members. He described a "gentleman who knocked about the Victoria and Albert Museum. I could never fix what his particular job was. He looked very portly and contented." He is now in the Ministry of Information at a salary of £1161 a year. A very small Professor of Music was appointed, and was given a day to produce a description of his talents for propaganda. At the end he emerged with a half-sheet of notepaper on which he had written: "When you are having propaganda, go all out for it. At each meeting have 'Hope and Glory'! When the principal speaker goes on, have the National Anthem; after he sits down, the 'Hallelujah Chorus' and 'Auld Lang Syne' at the finish." At the end of a week he was given an apron and put on to the work of shifting desks from one room to another.

MR. G. R. DRIVER, the Hebrew scholar son of a famous Hebrew scholar father, makes a good point when he appeals for the decontrol of University dons. At the moment they are in a

(*Concluded on page 102*)

Quartermaster-General to His Majesty's Forces

Lieut.-General Sir Walter Venning will tackle for this war the immense job of Q.M.G. to the Army, in which he is responsible for the supply to the Expeditionary Force of everything from munitions to marmalade. Son of a Ceylon Civil Servant, he went from Sandhurst into the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, served 1914-18, was Director of Movements and Quarterings, War Office, from 1934 until last year, when he got his present rank. Here he studies a map with Mr. Gilbert Szlumper, Director-General of Transports and Movements, Lieut.-General D. S. Collins, Controller of Engineer Service, and Major-General T. S. Riddell-Webster, Deputy Q.M.G.

Lloyd George on the Land

A quarter century ago, David Lloyd George was at the Exchequer, entering the second month of the war out of which he was to lead us to victory. October 1939 finds him fighting on two fronts: Churt and Westminster. At Bron-y-de, Churt, the little Welshman has long set an example to the county and the country by his enlightened cultivation of 400 acres of poor Surrey soil. In this picture, goloshed and armed with a stout pig-prodding stick, he talks to a labourer's child on his land. At Westminster he started the second month of this war with a characteristically provocative statement from the Opposition Benches (on the Nazi peace-offensive) which drew the harriers after him once more. Some Press hounds did not hesitate even to charge him with senility. But his "Council for Action" on October 14th and his Caernarvon constituents who heard him speak last Saturday are not alone in thinking that age makes Mr. Lloyd George no more senile, or no less "ripe in experience," than any septuagenarian in office

"Mike" to Motor

When television rather surprisingly closed down on the outbreak of war, Elizabeth Cowell, television announcer, transferred to the W.A.A.F., now earns 1s. 4d. a day driving Air Marshal Portal round London in his Vauxhall. He is a member of the Air Council and Chief of Personnel

Kenya to Canada

Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, who at sixty-one recently gave up his Governorship of Kenya to rejoin the R.A.F., is now in London to join the Air Force Mission to Canada. The Air Chief Marshal, seen here at the War Office, was one of the first pilots to cross enemy lines a quarter of a century ago

Kiel and Back

Acting Squadron-Leader Doran was one of the partakers in the Kiel exploit of the war's first week, and he has been decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross, whose ribbon he wears here. Another "Kiel hero" appears on page 124

The Passing Hour *(Cont. from p. 100)*

"reserved occupation," but at least half of their pupils have vanished, and the supply will be reduced more and more as the war goes on. The intellectual training of dons, he points out, would enable them to get a good working knowledge of pretty nearly any language in half a year. One of the most celebrated translators of obscure languages in the last war was the Celtic lecturer from Aberdeen University. He is, I rather fancy, Professor of Celtic at Oxford at this moment. So now he is "reserved."

I WONDER how long the patience of third-class travellers on the suburban lines is going to last. They sit or stand, twenty or twenty-four of them, in pitch darkness while the first-class carriages are often half-empty, and while on some occasions the Pullman cars are lit up so that a handful of travellers, who can afford it, can have their evening drink and read their evening paper in comfort. In France, I fancy, the windows of those Pullman cars might be in some danger.

I AM sorry to say that the story that people are reading much more owing to the black-out is not true. According to a famous London bookseller, sales of books dropped by at least fifty per cent. in the first few weeks of the war, and they are only slowly picking up again. He went on to say that there is a distinct demand for the classics and for old-established, modern authors. Sir Hugh Walpole, for example, and Aldous Huxley, and Noel Coward are in demand. But times are hard for the newcomers to book-writing.

IT is a strange commentary on the vast consequences which may spring from a trivial incident that the marriage of Field-Marshal von Blomberg to a shorthand-typist should have been largely responsible for the second world war. This is, at any rate, the view of Sir Nevile Henderson, our late Ambassador in Berlin. It was this marriage which precipitated the crisis in the German High Command and led to the dismissal by Hitler of fourteen of the "moderate" generals. From that time there were only Yes-men in the key positions in the Reichswehr. There are those, of course, who argue that if Henry VIII. had not been attracted by Anne Boleyn we should all be Catholics to this day.

THE convicts who escaped from Dartmoor were captured promptly because they foolishly kept the headlights of their stolen car at full blaze in order to drive more quickly. An infinitely craftier soul is Mr. Thurston, who, you will remember, got tired of the interior of Lewes Prison, and so decided to remove himself, which he forthwith did. At the time of writing he has been at liberty for seventy days, easily a record for prison-breaking in our time.

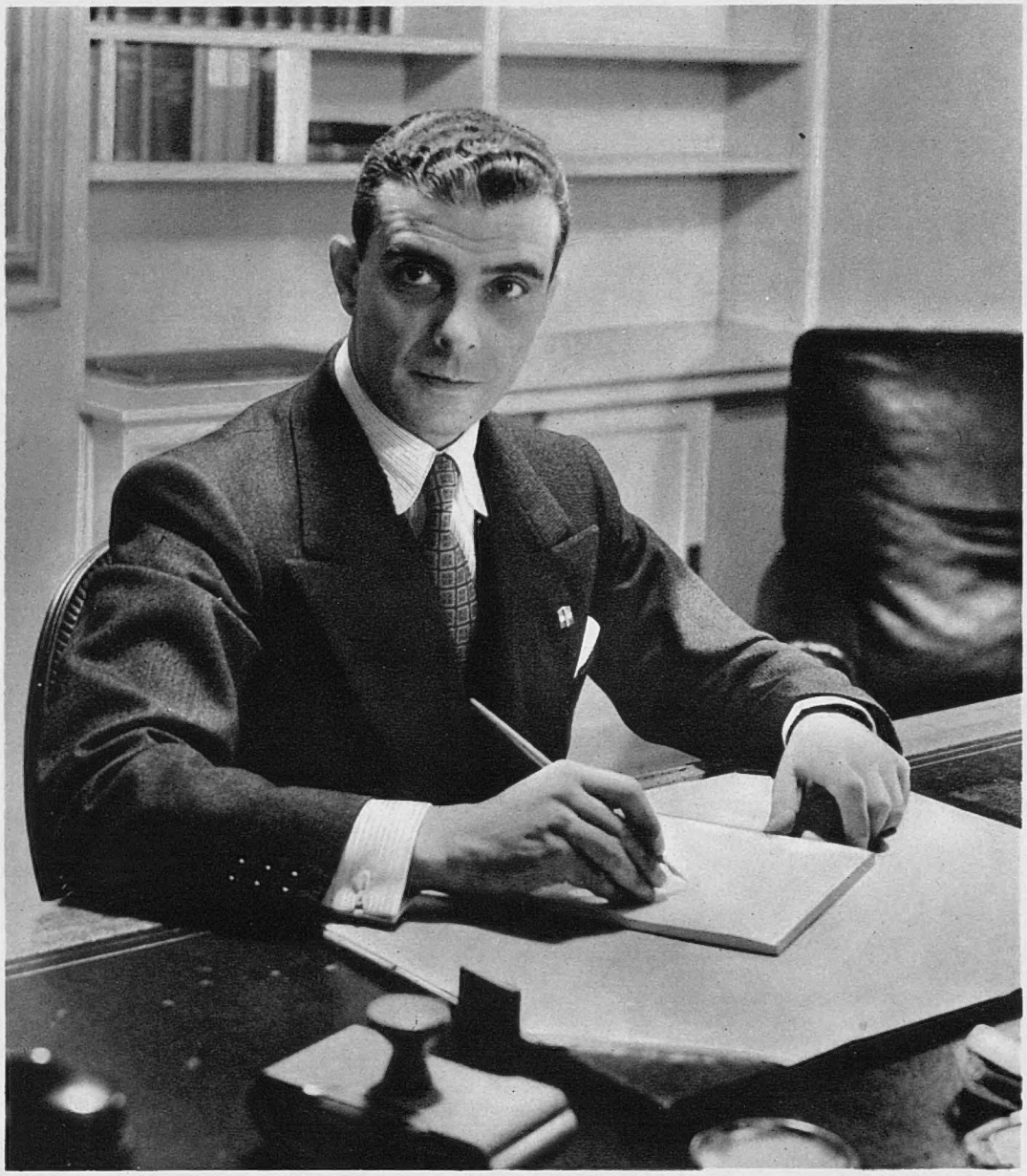
ACTORS and actresses have been hit as a class harder probably by the war so far than any other. First of all, their entire profession was paralysed. Then certain opportunities for playing were reopened, but London itself is almost entirely out of action; British film production has almost come to an end; the B.B.C. has cancelled a great number of existing contracts; and a good many managers in the provinces are trying to exploit the situation by imposing unfair conditions of employment. This is an outline of what the General Secretary of Equity told his members a few days ago.

NOT so long ago I wrote in these pages about Colonel Lindbergh's broadcast to the United States in which he urged that the Arms Embargo should not be repealed, and that the United States should do nothing whatsoever which might land them on the side of Democracy in the present world war. And I added words to the effect that, however much we might deplore this attitude, nevertheless the Colonel is entitled to his own opinions, and that we should always regard him, whatever he said, as one of the romantic heroes of our time. But now, I think, he has gone a little too far. In his last broadcast he blamed Canada for risking the chance that war might come to the North American continent, and he added that Canada was wrong to prefer the British Crown to American Independence. In the first place, the Colonel might do well to keep his distinguished nose out of our imperial affairs, and in the second place, it is a gross misuse of words to talk about the British Crown as if it was something inferior to what he calls "American Independence." He ought either to blame Canada for preferring the British Crown to the American Presidency, or for preferring British Independence to American Independence. It would seem that Canada prefers the former alternative in each case. And Canada's preference is entirely Canada's own affair.

The New Italian Ambassador

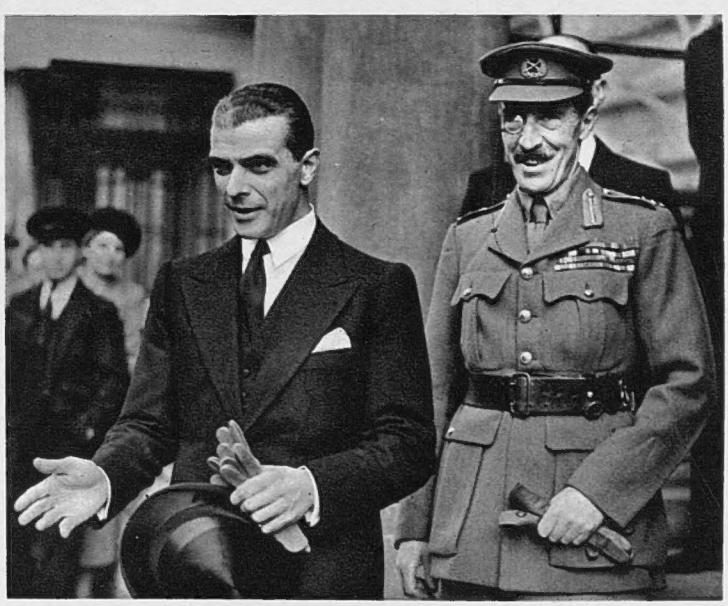
Signor Giuseppe Bastianini takes up his appointment

Count Dino Grandi's successor at 4, Grosvenor Square is a determined-looking man of thirty-nine, with thoughtful eyes and an air of straightforward friendliness. He has been warmly welcomed to the post which Count Grandi held with so much success for seven years, a post which has certainly not decreased in importance in international affairs since September 3rd. Signor Bastianini comes to London from Rome, where he had been Under Secretary to Count Ciano at the Foreign Office for two years. Before that he was Italian Ambassador at Warsaw, where he was at the time of his appointment (aged thirty-two) the youngest member of the Diplomatic Corps there and also of the Italian Embassy. Earlier still he was Under Secretary for National Economy, and his country's representative in Morocco and Greece. He had his first view of England through the windows of the car sent by Lord Halifax to meet him and in which he motored through the autumn countryside from Folkestone to London



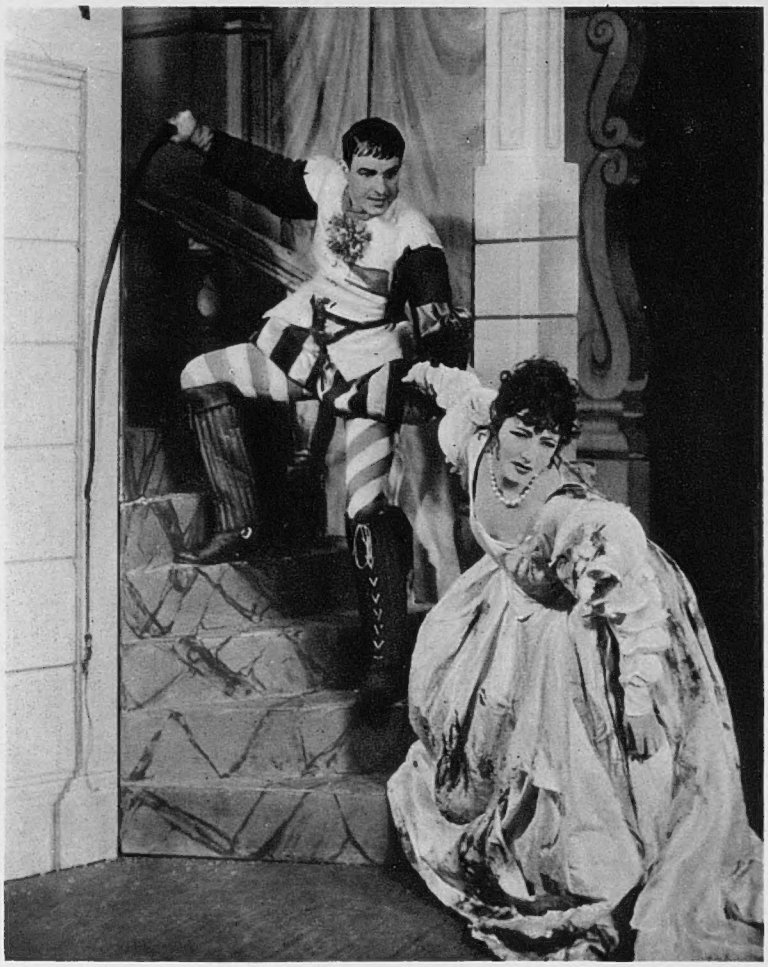
***On Monday morning** last week, the new Ambassador was at his desk in Grosvenor Square*

***The Counsellor** (right), Signor Guido Crolla, will spend only a short time introducing his new chief to English affairs: he is being promoted to the Italian Legation at Bangkok. Signor Crolla has been Chargé d'Affaires since Count Grandi left for his summer holiday, during which he was appointed Minister of Justice in Rome. The new Counsellor will be the Marchese Fracassi, a former First Secretary here*



***The Marshal** of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Sidney Clive, accompanied Signor Bastianini to Buckingham Palace last Wednesday when the new Ambassador presented his Letters of Credence to the King. Signor Bastianini is the first Italian Ambassador to be conducted to the Palace by Sir Sidney Clive, who became Marshal in 1934. They went by royal car instead of in a royal landau as in peacetime*

American News Reel



New York stage: *the Lunts have started their autumn stage season with a production of "The Taming of the Shrew" that's apparently in the same boisterous, knockabout style as has been fashionable in London (Edith Evans and Leslie Banks did it in 1937, Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey did it at the Old Vic last year). Last time Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne were here was in 1938's summer, in the "Amphitryon 38" comedy by Jean Giraudoux, now France's Director of Censorship*

Hollywood politics: *Marlene Dietrich, an American citizen since June, registered herself recently as a voter for California's election on the "30-dollars-every-Thursday" pension plan. Mrs. Anne Schwartzbarth, a deputy registrar, swore her in at a booth set up on Universal's studio top. Marlene came along in the dress she wears in "Destry Rides Again," a super-Western, notable for a violent brawl between her and Una Merkel*

Paris wedding: *a quietly celebrated epilogue to the destruction of Warsaw was the marriage of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, 81st Polish Cavalry, and Peggy Boyce Thompson-Schultze, daughter of Mrs. Drexel Biddle, stepdaughter of the U.S. Ambassador to Poland. Mr. and Mrs. Biddle posed with the bride and bridegroom at Mr. "Bill" Bullitt's American Embassy*

New York socialites: *young Gloria Vanderbilt and her half-sister, Mrs. Lawrence Lowman, posed arm-in-arm in a New York restaurant. She is a sub-debutante surely heading for the designation of "glamour girl" when she comes out. Her mother is the widow of Reginald Vanderbilt, twin sister of Thelma Lady Furness, and sister of Harry Hays Morgan*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Pity if there's only room for one, and you've been waiting all this time. . . ."

SOME American newspaper correspondent or other recently cabled home from London that one thing this war has already taught the British is that not everybody dresses for dinner. The boy was not far wrong, in his slapdash way (and, in any case, his crack was less irritating than all that lofty ethical stuff handed out to us from a comfortable distance by neutrals whose war we are fighting). The genteeler suburbs can no longer leave their blinds undrawn when they dine, and we guess that behind some of those blackout curtains there are sighs of guilty relief at being compelled to abandon an onerous public duty. The smart restaurants are bearing nobly every night with a growing influx of clients in day-costume, and the stalls of the theatres, when they open, will look very much like the stalls of Paris theatres in normal times. ("Huit smokings—pour Paris, ce n'est pas mal!" as the gratified actor observes in one of Sacha Guitry's pieces.) It may be a bitter blow to those who cherish the Highest Ideals of the Race to miss all those glossy white shirts and the fresh, clean, blank pans surmounting them, but war is war. More bitter will be the blow, if peace is long in arriving, to chaps who (like us) recently bought expensive new evening trousseau and will have to try to get into it again some time. Though one never knows. Tears of joy stood the other night in the eyes of a dugout Guardee friend of ours, when it was found, to his tailor's mortification, that he could get into his old tunic without serious difficulty. A quarter of a century had passed over, or round, that lissom paunch without materially affecting its contours. Nature is full of wonders.

Whether you regard the lonely, blacktied, dinnerjacketed sahib in the depths of the Bush as a valiant Defender of the Faith or a figure of fun—a third viewpoint is that if a chap can't preserve his self-respect in a loin-cloth he evidently can't have much self to respect—you will agree that his responsibility to his Maker and the native population is now doubled. Unless, of course, he has the sense to order the natives a double ration of cricket, thus making them so dazed and numb that they don't know if he's dining in a string of wooden beads or the Lord Mayor's Coronation robes; or care.

Chroniclers

SUITABLY attired but the prey of certain forebodings—they don't yet know (*a*) what they'll be allowed to see, and (*b*) how much of that the Censor will let them describe—the selected war correspondents have gone to France. It was different in the Crimean days of Russell of the *Times*, who hobnobbed with the General Staff and had a free hand, besides being able to flaunt his great beard Rover before the envious leading brass hats, whose own fungoid efforts were relatively poor. To-day the Army depends for half its effects on strict silence and surprise, and the brass hats tend therefore to regard "specials" as a Chelsea Bohemian regards a beetle in the butter, with resignation rather than true affection. Hence the boys are pensive rather than prancing, unlike Kipling's bashi-bazouks of the 'Eighties, and apart from their personal glamour we don't think their present job will be romantic to any degree. For, as a chap whose opinions on such things we respect was telling us last week, this war is likely to be much less spectacular than the last. Even the most fanatic *Blitzkrieg* addicts on the other side will think twice or thrice before hurling enormous masses of troops into a frontal attack, this chap predicts. He may be right, as experts sometimes are. On the other hand, it may be that Fate has fallen in love, like so many others of us, with the *Daily Express*, and will stick at nothing to please that sweetheart; in which case Fate may yet produce a ravishing front-page blonde to lead 50,000 German cavalry, dressed as Hussars. As we see it she would fall during the charge, lightly wounded, into the arms of a V.C. registered reader, murmuring "Exclusive!" Snap into it, Fate. The boys are getting impatient.

"Only one more week of this and then I'll be fishing from the end of the pier"

Idyll

QUITE rightly, the Ramblers' Association (who incidentally hate and despise nothing so much as being accused of encouraging "hiking") are urging citizens desiring a healthy pastime to take up walking. One of the minor incidental credit-entries of the war, so far, is that this is becoming possible. Even now our country roads are relatively cadless, you breathe a purer air, you can even smell the fields and hedgerows, the ear (now that Radio-Luxembourg and Radio-Normandie have been closed down) is not pained by negroid howlings defiling the sweet Sunday morning hush, the eye is not afflicted by the spectacle of pimply morons blasting by in sports-models with their raddled odalisques, the monstrous swooping charabancs have ceased to stun and terrify, and the kindly if foolish horse is making an idyllic reappearance, like a Test bowler rising from long sleep. In fact, we are going forty years back, and beginning to realise what a hell-kettle the Internal Combustion Engine really is.

Hearing the long-lost delightful clop-clop of hooves behind us the other Sunday morning as we took an eight-mile breather, savouring the lovely quiet, we were even more entranced on being overtaken by a veritable gig,

driven by a placid farmer and, by the looks of it, leaving its outhouse for the first time since July 1914. The farmer, who turned out to be a rustic ass, shouted to us as he passed some uncouth and idiotic complaint about having to lay up his new Ford for the duration. His horse, who had more sense, snorted contempt, knowing probably the high symbolism of gigs. For the gig was hailed by Slogger Carlyle, if you remember, as the totem of glossy, slightly smug respectability—" gigmanity " is Carlyle's term for the genus.

Interlude

SPEAKING of brass hats. . . . On Charing Cross Underground platform last week we were presented with a spectacle which only this rummy war could provide. As a train drew in from Westminster, we saw a very fierce, proud Brass Hat seated in a half-empty first-class carriage, flaming new blood-red tabs, ribbons, monocle and all, straddling his legs and haughtily perusing the *Times*. A marvellous sight. But lo! From a strap in the crowded third-class carriage next attached swung a Brass Hat of the same rank, equally new-tabbed, equally beribboned, but evidently humble, pure and good, for his mild eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles were full of kindness and virtue and he had obviously given up his seat to some poor, or drunk, civilian. He also carried a bag. This moved us tremendously, and before the train went out we had instinctively begun making up a moral or cautionary story about the First Class Brass Hat and the Third Class Brass Hat, the one stiff and proud as Lucifer, cruel as Nero, and feared by all; the other, benevolent and pitiful, doing gentle deeds by stealth, never without his bag, packed with comforts, tracts, and goodies for deserving troops. In the end the Third Class Brass Hat became Commander-in-Chief and the Nation's Idol, while the First-Class Brass Hat, having ruthlessly kicked a poor old third-class woman who got in his way and turned out to be the Fairy Queen, sank into degradation, took to drink, and finished as an unpaid lance-corporal in the Sanitary Corps. So the good ended happily and the bad unhappily, which (as Miss Prism remarks to Cecily in the play) is what Fiction means.

Oasis

THOSE lunch-hour and afternoon concerts in the National Gallery, which Myra Hess inaugurated with éclat and the Appassionata the other day, are surely the happiest inspiration of the war, so far, barring Mr. Noel Coward's Staff appointment to the Navy. Now the pictures have been removed, thousands of cultivated Londoners viewing the interior of the Gallery—the dome and transepts especially—for the first time will be struck by the resemblance to an Italian Renaissance basilica, which may have been the architect's intention, so far as that can be ascertained. Whether carefully selected music could ever have been adapted to fit the Old Masters is the kind of question commonly argued by an art-crazy citizenry in Tube trains during the rush-hour, and need not be argued here. In our pernicious view, few attempts to connect music with painting are successful, not to speak of attempts to translate one in terms of the other (such as Moussorgsky's *Pictures in an Exhibition*), though certain pictures go with certain music. That black-and-gold Whistler nocturne " The Falling Rocket," for example, goes with the firework bits of Debussy's *Fêtes*. At least two celebrated Goya portraits, the " Duchess of Alba " and the " Duke of Fernan-Nuñez," go with De Falla's *Gardens of Aranjuez*. Similarly, Landseer's " Monarch of the Glen " goes nobly with *Boys of the Old Brigade*, and Burne-Jones's girls trooping up the Golden Stairs go with that wistful chant of our grandfathers, lately revived by the Players' Theatre Club:

> Oh, the fairies! O-oh! The fairies!
> Nothing but splendour and fem-i-nine gender (etc.)

—a statement, incidentally, which even to-day is broadly accurate.

The odd thing about the National Gallery recitals is that no bureaucrat has apparently been able to think up a reason for forbidding them. This must be evoking a lot of sneers in Whitehall, where the unhappy official or twirp responsible sits pale as death, defeated and damned, his exquisitely rolled umbrella already gnawed to rags.

Sanctions

ONE imagined (as one sadly remarked in this place only last week) that one had already drained to the dregs the new bitterness and degradation of being a civilian in this war. Well, one was wrong. Pacing down Pall Mall one day last week we saw a superb figure in khaki stride out of one of the clubs and swing towards us, martial, glossy, gloved, erect, implacable and tabbed, like the God of War himself. At three paces away we recognised it as the figure of a booksy boy with whom we have often exchanged chit-chat and badinage at parties. We opened our mouth to greet it, and it strode past with cruel masterful eyes fixed on distant horizons, spurning us like offal, and bound, we dazedly conjectured on recovery, for heroic doings at some far-flung desk in the Min. of Inf., or some deep armchair in the very jaws of Whitehall. This message will humbly convey to it, when it picks up its BYSTANDER this week amid a respectful hush, that its back hair needs a bob.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Sorry to break up the Siegfried Line, Sir, but we're short of pepper-pots "

"Old Bill" on the Home Front: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Dear Son—Glad to hear you are somewhere in France. It ain't in the public interest for you to know where I am, but it's somewhere south of a line drawn from our 'ouse to the coffee-stall at Charin' Cross"

Matti Tuomisto *is the farmer's son. He is a typical young Finn, narrow-eyed, broad-cheeked, strong-chinned, fair-haired, and a good runner—he does the 400 metres (c.¼-mile) in the Tampere Stadium in 53·3 seconds. Since he was ten he has helped his father on the farm and now, at twenty-five, he is engaged to a neighbouring farmer's daughter and ready to bring her home and take over from the old people*

Frans Tuomisto, *the farmer, at sixty-eight works full hours but finds them a little lengthy. He is a successful man. Twenty years ago he bought his holding with a government subsidy. Now that is paid back and he has a fair bit saved. He is a modern man, with electricity, wireless, telephone (costs £2 a year plus ¼d. a call) in his home. Nor did he object to buying Matti a motor-bike*

Life in Finland (I.): the Small Farmer

Helmi Tuomisto *is the farmer's second wife; Frans married her four years ago, two years after the death of his first wife. She is forty, looks younger, runs the household and the dairy*

Every Finn, *man, woman, boy, girl, was organised by the State in the 1920's to defend its newly won liberty. Most powerful of the organisations formed was the Civic Guard, a force of volunteers 100,000 strong, which Matti joined six years ago. Two evenings a week the local branch meets*

***The smallholder's** drawback is that he cannot afford to maintain expensive agricultural machines: harvest, like other operations, is made with scythe and hand-rake, Helmi lending a hand. Background of this evening scene is Lake Kyrosjarvi*

***Bread** is stored for the winter like this in the kitchen, where warmth and moisture prevent its getting too hard*

***The family** sits down to supper—Helmi's sister, a six-weeks' guest at the farmhouse, Aatto, the eldest son and an agent on a large estate, Matti, Frans and Helmi. Absent are the second son, a forestry inspector, and the two married daughters. Meals are breakfast (bouillon, porridge) at 7; lunch (coffee, bread and butter) at 10; dinner (soup and pastries) at noon; coffee again at 3.30; and supper (hot vegetables or fish, milk, bread, butter, and cheese, fruit or conserves) at 6. Little meat is eaten*

NEAR Laitila, on the lake-pitted plain between the Gulfs of Riga and Bothnia, is the smallholding of Frans Tuomisto. Frans, sixty-eight, is one of the 60 per cent. of Finns who are agriculturists and one of two-thirds of this 60 per cent. who own their own land. His farm of 240 acres is a little above the average size. Produce is 8 tons of wheat, 7 tons of barley, 15 tons of oats, 8 tons of rye, 25-30 tons of potatoes, peas, cabbage, market garden produce. Livestock is 3 horses, an ox, 12 cows producing 30,000 litres of milk. Life is hard and healthy for Tuomisto, his wife, his son. Their day is 5 a.m. to 8 p.m. They put all they 've got into their land and they disprove, as any vigorous, free peasantry can, the economists' condemnation of small agricultural units. The system of collective state farming favoured by the Soviets and introduced by them to their conquered territory leaves the personal pride of men like Tuomisto right out of the picture

***Harvest home:** two hired men are taken on at harvest and seed time and are given good spare rooms like guests. The surplus of the corn here being carried, like surplus milk, is traded with the all-powerful co-operative society against implements, seed and cash*

Turn over for

"Life in Finland (II.): the Landowner"

Life in Finland (II.): the Landowner

Baron Ernst von Born at Home

Not far from Tuomisto's smallholding near Laitila is Sarvlax, the estate of Baron Ernst von Born. This nobleman is one of his country's twelve richest, yet his estate is only twenty-three times as great as the Tuomisto holding. The Sarvlax estate is 5,500 acres, employs 35 labourers (but little machinery), is partly forest and partly arable. Baron von Born is President of the Swedish People's Party and a leader of the powerful Swedish 10 per cent. minority who are as patriotic Finns as the "pure" Finns. Born in 1885, he studied law, fought for Finnish independence (with 3 months in a Russian concentration camp), was Minister of the Interior, 1931-32, Vice-Speaker of the Diet, 1933. At the beginning of the Moscow-Helsinki joust, Baron von Born was included without portfolio in the Finnish Cabinet: such an inclusion—of a landowner who had fought against the Soviets—was a plain hint to all observers

***The house** is a pleasant, formal Nordic-Palladian mansion, with clock and flagpole and petty-Versailles garden lay-out (left). Founded in 1619, finished in 1683 (delay due to Sweden's 30 years' war), burnt down in 1880, restored in 1883, it is in faultless Swedish style and could be transplanted without alteration to the Skäne, Sweden's château-country*

***The master** and mistress of the house, Baron and Baroness von Born (she was an actress), talk to a tenant's barefoot wife at the front door of the château (right)*

***The mistress** visits the horse families (below) with her cousin by marriage, the Baroness Silfvershjelm. When these pictures were taken there were 25 horses on the estate and 12 foals, who were allowed to roam freely on a wide stretch of forest-bordered pasture*

In an oatfield *Baron von Born talks to one of his 35 Finnish labourers, who wields a primitive scythe and wears "Russian" boots. On the arable at Sarvlax a simple system of alternate husbandry is practised, the land producing, in rotation with seeds and fallow, one-third wheat, one-third rye, one-third oats*

In the lake *Baroness Silfvershjelm sets her baskets for crayfish. She is a young Helsinki socialite, runs an interior decoration business there, has travelled in France, Germany, England and, of course, Sweden. The Baron himself is a keen fly-fisher*

The hall *of Sarvlax is magnificent with different styles, family portraits, panelled walls and carved wood ceiling; here, once a year, the furniture is cleared for dancing when the von Borns give their ball. The family were originally German, moved to estates in Pomerania (then Swedish) in the sixteenth century, then to this estate, acquired by marriage, in Finland (also Swedish—till 1809). Through 100 years of allegiance to Russia the family has acquired no Russian characteristics*

A Ballet Class at Sadler's Wells

While the Vic-Wells ballet company makes a wartime tour of the provinces, the Vic-Wells ballet school continues to give its young dancers their training. Classes work to a wartime schedule in the new rooms of the Lilian Baylis Memorial extension at the Wells. The teachers are Ninette de Valois, the company's director (who is also working as secretary to her husband, Dr. Arthur Connell), and Nicolai Sergueeff, who gave the class at which these pictures were taken

An arabesque, *most beautiful of balletic positions, is more difficult to hold correctly than it looks. The arched body, poised head, straight knees, the stretched instep, pointed toe, "turned-out" position of the raised leg, demand a trained suppleness and muscular control*

Good shoes *for point-work are put on half-way through the class; old shoes are used up during exercises at the bar. Margaret Prust wears the Wells students' uniform of plum tights and tunic. Most dancers wear over their tunics a sleeveless cardigan pulled out of shape to cross in front and tie or button behind*

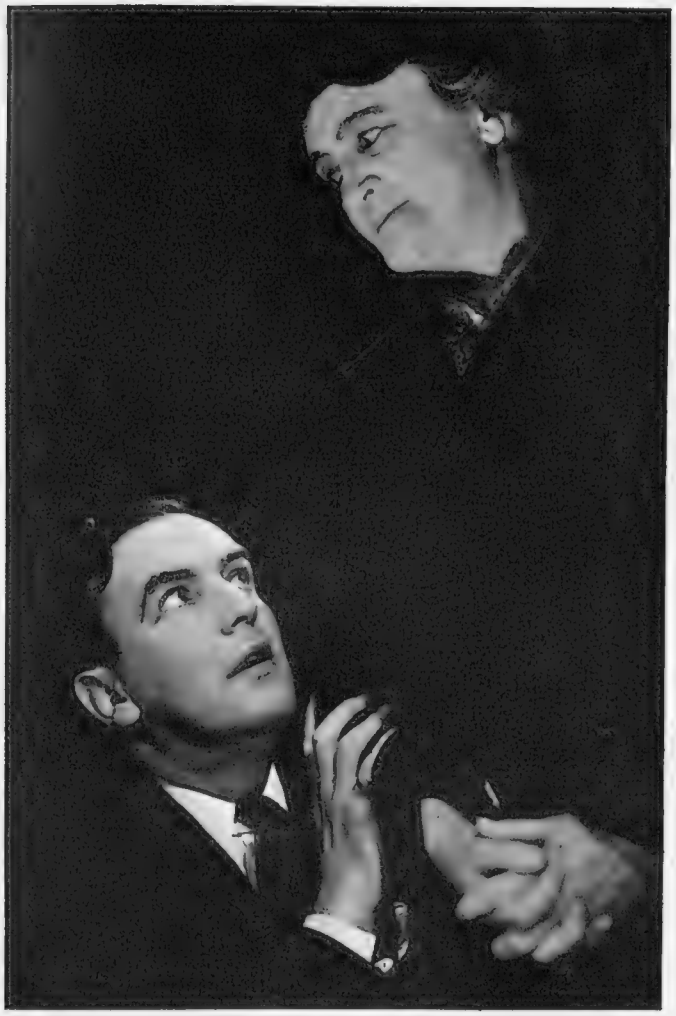
The "attitude" *derived from Gian Bologna's Mercury was introduced into ballet by Carlo Blasis, the great Italian maître de ballet, about a hundred years ago. Here Margaret Williams demonstrates it at the bar*

Nicolai Sergueeff *takes the class with the help of a stick. His English for ordinary purposes is very "broken" but ballet terms are international and pupils at Sadler's Wells are accustomed to his classes as he has taught there for several seasons. He revived "Giselle," "Casse Noisette," "Lac des Cygnes," and, this spring, "The Sleeping Princess" for the ballet company*

"Music at Night"

Third Movement

Three Studies of J. B. Priestley's New Play at the Westminster



The nerve-racked columnist (Richard Littledale) tries to impress his dead working-class mother (Marie Ault) with his success-story, symbolised by his six brand-new silk dressing-gowns

The hostess (Jean Cadell) by bringing some of her friends together to listen to the first performance of a new concerto is responsible for the whole imbroglio of thoughts and desires and regrets and hopes dragged to the surface by the music's progress. In her old friend, the bewildered and disillusioned politician (Mark Dignam), the music reveals, finally, a nightmare terror of pain

The Mask Theatre bravely opened its wartime season at the Westminster with a serious Priestley play, *Music at Night* (reviewed by Mr. Farjeon last week), and is being rewarded by packed audiences. The play, as Mr. Priestley's *Johnson Over Jordan* did, pleases some immensely, displeases others as decidedly. Acting and production are unanimously praised. The cast is nearly that engaged by the Mask Theatre before the war as a permanent company. Cast, directors, and staff are pooling their resources, and the original plans will be carried out if public support makes it possible. The next production is Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, with Stephen Murray (Mr. Priestley's violinist) in the name-part

In the third movement the listeners discover that happiness, fear, and faith are common to them all: musical hostess (Jean Cadell), young Communist poet (Michael Dennison), the girl who loves him (Jenny Laird), socialite courtesan (Lydia Sherwood), her business-magnate protector (Milton Rosmer), and (behind) "Daily Gazette" columnist (Richard Littledale), composer's wife (Catherine Lacey)

Back to the Land

Miss Patience Brand and Two Friends Do War Work in the Country

Milkmaids *Diana Palmer and Penelope Thomas are the two friends of Patience ("Boo") Brand, who are working with her on her mother's Sussex farm. Penelope Thomas was a co-debutante of "Boo" Brand last season, is the daughter of Mrs. Ralph Thomas. Diana Palmer is the daughter of Baroness de Lagatinerie. The three girls begin work at six (seven on Sundays), milk three Jersey cows (also at four in the afternoon), separate milk from cream, breakfast, feed the hens (at 9.15), groom and exercise the hunters. In the evenings they knit, read, play the wireless, and go to bed early*

Groom *in a milking apron is "Boo" Brand on Tormaid. She has two hunters, goes out cub-hunting twice a week with the Southdown. She is also a good shot, and provides the pot with rabbits, pigeons, and an occasional partridge or pheasant*

Poultry keeping *is also part of "Boo" Brand's work at Littledene, Lady Rosabelle Brand's eighty-acre property near Leices. Lady Rosabelle herself is looking after Red Cross and first-aid work in the village*

Pick and shovel *work was still needed in the air-raid shelter being made in the orchard. Her London season seems now hardly to have interrupted the energetic country life of this gay, attractive red-haired girl*

Photographs by Swaebe

Milking *is a twice-daily job, and so is the filling up of milk charts, which once a week (on Sundays) have to be delivered to Lewes Town Hall. "Boo" Brand is in charge of this as well. She is seventeen this year, has two brothers, Robin Brand, aged twenty-two, and Michael, aged fourteen, and a half-sister, Mrs. William Fiske (formerly Countess of Warwick). Her grandfather, the Earl of Rosslyn, died in August, and was succeeded by her cousin, Lord Loughborough. The latter's younger brother, Peter St. Clair Erskine, was tragically killed in a flying accident last month*

"Bystander" Short Story

A Ceremony

By Margaret Butcher

Illustration by Batt

THE plain, thin woman in the armchair addressed the old one at the other end of the room.

"I 'm *afraid*," she said in an odd tone, half-serious, half-facetious, "that I 'm going to be extremely frank."

There was no reply. The old lady—on this occasion, quite evidently—had no objection. The other gave a slight, almost apologetic laugh.

"*Such* a relief! You 've no idea! Well, I feel that it 'll do me good, and it won't hurt you. I don't suppose that I 've been really frank in all the seventeen years we 've had together, Aunt Gertrude. Strange, isn't it?"

The old lady went on smiling.

It was a charming smile. Strangers, seeing it, were wont to exclaim: "Oh, what a perfectly *sweet* old lady!" Neighbours thought it a delightful and courageous smile in the circumstances—and did not hesitate to hint as much when The Circumstances happened to be present. At the moment, however, The Circumstances, having long since discovered that familiarity can breed a certain contempt even of sweet and lovely things, stretched her thin body a little in the chair and observed:

"Oh, well! Of course, you smile. I suppose you 've smiled most of the time since you were eighteen—and discovered that it could get you most of the things you wanted. And I don't know that I blame you. Personally, I 've always had to slave and sweat for anything I wanted, and then I generally didn't get it in the end.

"And it 's your eightieth birthday the day after to-morrow! Well, well, well! Sixty-two years, at least, of highly successful smiling. A very remarkable record, Aunt Gertrude. I can't say that I 've had sixty-two minutes. But then, of course, I never had your looks or your charm. Your bones, in short."

She glanced aside at a hanging mirror.

"Queer what the accident of a skeleton will do for one, isn't it? You with your small bones. Still pretty—and eighty the day after to-morrow. Everybody admitting how sweet you are. Now, I 'm the angular kind. Bad bones. I 've got to be either ugly or elegant—and I 've never had a chance yet to be elegant. I shall have to hurry up, shan't I? Let me see; I was twenty when I came to you, at Daddy's death. That makes me thirty-seven—and I swear I look fifty to-day!

"But perhaps that 's because I 'm tired. The reaction and everything. Thinking for so *long* about the ceremony that 's coming off to-morrow, and never really believing that it would happen. But that was silly of me. Of course, it had to happen. You always said I was silly."

She sighed.

"*How* you 've looked forward to being eighty, haven't you? It 's a grand thing to be eighty and popular, of course. I think you 've talked about it almost exclusively for at least three years. About the party, the flowers, the cake with the eighty candles. A confectioner would have charged you a nice sum for that cake, let me tell you. It took me hours and *hours*!

"And about the local reporters. They love you, don't they? '*Our Romantic Octogenarian.*' That old story about your elopement and all the rest of it. But you 've always loved romance, haven't you? I 've seen you cry your pretty eyes pink, before now, over a story in a magazine, perhaps, or a song. I expected it reminded you. A pretty woman must have lots of things to remember, of course. I do realise that. It 's different for me, naturally. No man 's ever been in love with me—except that curate, you remember, fourteen years ago, or more. And you soon showed him what utter nonsense *that* was. Young people, as you said, can't conscientiously build any happiness upon the loneliness and unhappiness of others. I expect it 's different for old people.

"He 's quite a fashionable vicar now, you know. I was reading about him, only the other day. Smart and just a wee bit satirical, I gathered. Fashionable parishes like that, I expect. *And* a widower, by the way. I 'd love to have another look at him. Maybe I will . . . after the day after to-morrow. When I 've had time to do something about myself. You 'll have had your great day by then, so why shouldn't I have mine? And we understand each other so *much* better than we did, don't we? . . . after what happened yesterday.

"You know, you had me really scared yesterday, just for a little while. But the doctor *had* warned you, of course. One really must try to avoid shocks and unpleasant surprises when one is within three days of eighty. It stands to reason."

She laughed gently.

"But I just caught you nicely, didn't I? I don't wonder you were startled. You were being naughty, you know. Frightfully naughty. In a way, I suppose, it served you right. You haven't played quite fair—now, have you?"

The old lady was making no admissions.

"Honestly," said the other, "I never knew till that day, six months ago, that Daddy had left a *bean*. I 'd always thought that he 'd just parked me on you and that you were in for a dead loss—except for what you saved on a companion, of course. I 'll admit I was furious when I found out. And when I talked about packing up and leaving you—even though I hadn't anywhere to go or a sou to go with—I meant it. Aren't human beings queer? Knowing, too, how you hate paid companions. So unreliable, aren't they? But I don't mind telling you I 'd have gone . . . if you hadn't suddenly told me about the new idea for a will.

"Yes, that was rather clever. I mean, sending for the solicitor, there and then, and leaving everything to me if I were still with you when . . . well, when you no longer needed any part of the eighteen thousand, you see. I 'd spent seventeen years of my life already—so what?

"But eighteen thousand! That rather staggered me. I didn't know you had even eight thousand. Who could know? Of course, I had the sense to change my mind. After all, eighteen thousand 's too big a price to pay for a spurt of temper and independence when you 're nearly thirty-seven and haven't any friends, isn't it? I expect that tickled your sense of humour. You 've always had such a terrifically keen sense of humour. I 've heard you say so, lots of times."

She leaned over the arm of the chair and looked in the mirror again.

"Yes, I *am* a fright to-day. I guess that was the scare you gave me yesterday. But it was a jolly good thing I came in when I did. You 'd have burnt that will in about three seconds. That 's what I mean about not playing fair. Meaning to destroy it and never tell me, just to keep me to heel. I don't wonder you took my coming in on you rather badly for a minute. But I can assure you I 've earned that eighteen thousand—when I get it. I can tell you that—now."

She walked across the room and stood very still, looking at the old woman.

"What a strange old creature you are, after all! Eighty years of it, the day after to-morrow. And how you 've petted and coddled yourself for that . . . just to get eighty years of your very own! But they aren't, you know. The last seventeen have been *my* years; wrung out of me so that you could have your silly little ceremony the day after to-morrow. What do you want with eighty years, or with eighteen thousand pounds? What good are they to somebody like you? Somebody who 's never thought, never said, never done anything at all worth while?"

Her thin face softened.

"You poor, empty, smiling thing! Well, you 'll have your little ceremony. Your friends, your reporters, your flowers, your candles, your fuss. Things you 've cheated me for, for seventeen years. And a lot you 'll care, after all, you poor fool!" And stretching out a hand, she drew the covering again over the dead woman's face.

THE END.

"And it 's your eightieth birthday the day after to-morrow!"

On and Off Duty

Uniform and the Lighter Side

You will be knitting to while away black-out evenings, knitting for your family, knitting for the fighting forces. So lay in supplies of Templeton's "Ayr" wools now. Khaki, Air Force blue, navy and greys can be obtained in "Ayr" double knitting, "Doon" fingering and "Ayrbeam" four-ply super Scotch fingering. They are warm, easy to work with, and wear extremely well. There are sure to be appeals for knitted garments when winter really begins, so have a few cardigans and scarves ready when the call comes

If your winter shopping must be fitted into one flying visit to town, save time by buying a two-piece. Even if you have weeks to spare, you cannot do better, for there is something entirely satisfactory about a dress and coat to match. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, have the outfit below for 6½ guineas. The frock, trimmed with stitching and imitation "pleats," is in a light woollen material worn below a heavier bouclé coat with deep revers of shaded brown fur. In several attractive colours

Scott Bushe

Dover Street Studios

So you've joined the Air Force? Or at least the women's branch of it. Then the next thing to do is to go along to King Street, Covent Garden, and consult Moss Bros. about your uniform. Naturally, they make everything exactly to official specifications, but their long experience of tailoring gives their uniforms a cut and finish that every woman will appreciate. They have all the accessories, too, and plenty of helpful suggestions about equipment, whatever your particular job may happen to be. And, incidentally, their prices are very moderate

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Picnics

By V. S. Pritchett

PEKING during the diplomatic picnic and before the Japanese gate-crashed and ate up everything—that is the Ann Bridge country and very nice it was, too, for the picnickers. This time five of them go up on a rough inland tour to the Great Wall, collect flowers, catch colds, keep a stiff upper lip ready for the bandits, while Miss Ann Bridge nags away at two of the party for being, if one may coin a phrase, modern. It gives one a pleasant wistful feeling to be back among the newspaper subjects of 1925. To enjoy *Four Part Setting* (Chatto; 8*s.* 6*d.*) you 've got to admire the old English blood sport of label-sticking. In this Miss Ann Bridge has a deadly efficiency. Meet, therefore, young Mrs. Pelham (modern, "quite a handy little soprano") who, not having "made a go" of it with her husband, has come out to put her Freud and Huxley into practice. Harry Hargreaves, old lag of the safaris and legations, professional kisser in taxis, gets to work at once. Apart from being handy with her soprano, Mrs. Pelham (modern, let me remind you) was something of an acrobat; very soon she did "summary things" to her face, "flew into a frock" and later on that night flew out of it at Harry Hargreaves' house. This worried Antony and Anastasia, her hosts (semi-modern). Anastasia, I 'm afraid, is a b———. Was Rose being *fair*? she asked. And Antony, the born spiritual busybody, admitted it was Freudian, but was it ethical? Ethics were Antony's strong suit; his brother was in a monastery. One is sorry for Mrs. P. as she falls into the clutches of this mutual improvement society. But not content with one victim, Anastasia (wise) finds someone else to nag on the expeditions to the mountains. Roy Hillier (terribly modern) is a clever young journalist with a ·22-bore gun who is famous for books which debunk upper-class hiking. Anastasia has a go at his delivery. It turns out, to one's enormous surprise, that he is really a nice simple chap once he has been ticked off; but I must say he paid Anastasia out very thoroughly when he proposed to her. That proposal reads like an extract from the rationing regulations.

Mrs. P. goes back to England, where she sees in the Queen's Hall a revised version of the vision of St. John. And this and the fact that she has travelled home on the boat with a dowager convince her and her creator that she has made good. Harry Hargreaves is the real hero. From this shrewd, scenic knuckle-rapping novel, he emerges, amusingly sketched and a human being. You will be glad to hear he got a transfer from "the War Box" and a good send-off from China. Even in a world where one rises by stepping-stones of other people's wives to higher things, there is justice.

AFTER a long silence, Mr. Harry Green, who wrote two of the best novels of the last twenty years, *Blindness* and *Living*, has published *Party Going* (Hogarth Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This novel is a picnic, too, but with what a difference! Here are the picnickers at home, and as we know them. The story is simple.

Catherine Bell

"Boomps-a-Daisy's" Author

Miss Annette Mills wrote the recent successor to the tradition of the Lambeth Walk type of dance, sang it and demonstrated it round the country. Her latest is a marching song called "Adolf." She is the sister of John Mills, who played the lead in "Of Mice and Men" up to the outbreak of war; he is now an R.E.

Mr. Max Adey, who is very extravagant and very rich, is taking a party to the South of France. They meet at a London terminus, and there fog has ruined the train service. From a station which is soon packed with thousands of defeated travellers, the party drift into the hotel and there continue their fantastic misunderstandings. Poor Miss Fellowes has picked up a dead pigeon and very foolishly wrapped it up in brown paper and now she doesn't know what to do with it, so she has a whisky and soon she is very ill. Angela is quarrelling with her young man, but they don't know what it is all about. The others are at cross-purposes about an absurd creature called Embassy Richard, another legation lag, who has just got himself some ridiculous publicity. On and on through the book the hopeless attempt to get something out of this dead horse by flogging it, goes on; while Max Adey, never able to make up his mind whether to go with his own party or not, is pursued by his mistress, tells more and more lies, orders more and more drinks and suites of rooms. Max is the perfect portrait of a rich man, buying his way out of old difficulties into new ones. When one is a child, one of the characters remarks, one may not suck the jam off one's fingers; but when one is grown up, of course, one can do what one likes and one does suck the jam off one's fingers. The new morality. This is a very funny, very peculiar, and very serious book, bizarre and disturbing. Mrs. Woolf and Kafka have watched over its making.

MR. BORIS SOUVARINE'S *Stalin* (Secker and Warburg; 15*s.*) is an important book, and those who seriously want to enlighten themselves on the Russian background ought to read it. But M. Souvarine, one-time executive of the Comintern, must be read with the caution one keeps for the faithful who have recanted. They may be right, but they will certainly be prone to a disillusion and bitterness in direct proportion to their early faith. What Herr Rauschning is to Hitler, M. Souvarine is to Stalin. The portrait itself is a very thorough one. Stalin is presented as a sinister self-made blank in the history of Bolshevism. His background is crude religion. He acts (or, rather, prompts others to action) and does not talk, but because he cannot. Lacking the ideological gush of the other Bolsheviks he is a politician who makes no contribution to the theory or the future of the movement. Recent events would have led M. Souvarine to modify some of his concluding statements; but not his general argument that Stalin has destroyed Communism and that his tyranny has reduced Russia to a state of weakness which would be soon shown up in a general war. Hence the necessity of peace to Russia; hence the long desire to co-operate with his dreaded neighbour. Other writers have confirmed this point.

The historical part of the book, tracing the movements that contributed to the revolution and the shaky course of the revolution itself, is brilliantly done, though it is stiff reading. I must say I saw no trace of the tradition of Voltaire which the publishers claim for the actual writing of this book; but publishers have a weakness for the wrong labels.

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS has moved his garden path to London and *Green Grows the City* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the story of the new nest. "You know how it is with gardening tools. You have exactly the right place for them, but somehow they are never in it. You are in a hurry and you throw the rake on the floor instead of hanging it up, and there it stays baring its teeth in a perpetual snarl." This garden cultivation is really more like Voltaire than M. Souvarine is. I may have missed it, but there is no air raid shelter here, and I wonder when Mr. Nichols is going to plough up Genista Dalmatica and put in broccoli.

"When To-morrow Comes": the Hollywood-isation of Charles Boyer is almost complete now that he is part of a recognised team—himself and Irene Dunne. Their success in "Love Affair" has led to "When To-morrow Comes," a romantic little piece directed by John M. Stahl. It went to the Leicester Square cinema for last week

"Stanley and Livingstone," which is warmly reviewed here, and went to the Gaumont last week, is a fine film of two fine men, and the leading parts of the title are excellently acted by Cedric Hardwicke (Livingstone) and Spencer Tracy (here). An unnecessary love-interest is added by Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene

Films of the Day

Two Facts and a Fiction

By George Campbell

DID H. M. Stanley really startle General Hancock by riding into camp with a Comanche escort and introducing himself as the correspondent of the *New York Herald* just back from interviewing the very chief the General had been chasing? I doubt it. Did he rush to New York, to be congratulated by the *Herald's* proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, and hustle off then and there to find Livingstone? I doubt this too, if only because in 1867 Stanley was on the staff of the *Missouri Democrat*. It wasn't till 1868 that he joined the *Herald*, to report Napier's campaign in Abyssinia; and it was 1869 when he was sent to Egypt to meet Livingstone, believed to be returning down the Nile.

The Doctor failed to show up. It was only at this stage that Bennett, the first of the go-getters, conceived the idea of looking for him. And even then he kept Stanley two years reporting the civil war in Spain (Plus ça change, etc.), the opening of the Suez Canal, excavations in the Holy Land, and wanderings in Central Asia, before summoning him to Paris and giving him the modest assignment—"find Livingstone."

Does all this seem a bit pedantic? You must blame the scholarly old maestro, Darryl Zanuck. Ever since *Suez*, he has been just a little sensitive in the matter of history, and *Stanley and Livingstone* was preceded by cov admissions of fortunes spent on research, and safaris through darkest Africa to ensure absolute authenticity. Up to a point he has succeeded. *Stanley and Livingstone* is like one of those surrealist pictures of a knife and fork, a pair of boots and a small boa-constrictor, all on the same plate. Every object can be recognised. The artist has just heightened the composition.

Well, what of it? Fact or fiction, *Stanley and Livingstone* is a very superior bit of celluloid, possibly because it defies most of the canons of construction. Until the end it has no conflict, except the conflict between man and the jungle; there is practically no humour, and only the tiniest suggestion of a love-story. Zanuck and the director, Henry King, had the good sense to see that no novelist ever wrote a better story than the one Stanley lived, and they shot the African part of it straight. The end, with the rival Press-lord and jealous pedants trying to discredit Stanley at the Brighton meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, only to be confounded by the news of Livingstone's death and his farewell message to Stanley, is a pretty drastic foreshortening of history, but on the whole excusable.

The acting, more especially Spencer Tracy's as Stanley, is first-class. No man ever had a harder, bitterer youth than Stanley's, reared as he was in a Welsh workhouse under a sadistic ruffian who afterwards died in a madhouse. He survived disease and starvation in the Civil War; he was turned from his unmarried mother's door; he knew every anguish and humiliation. If we don't see this in the film, Tracy makes you believe that it may have happened, and his performance in a singularly difficult part is one to remember. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, too, gives an impressive study of Livingstone, though they might have soft-pedalled the scene where he leads the natives in "Onward, Christian Soldiers" like Peter the Hermit mesmerising jitterbugs.

IN *Nurse Edith Cavell*, Herbert Wilcox has stuck pretty strictly to the facts. The nurse's organisation for spiriting Allied soldiers from under the noses of the enemy army in Brussels, the hunt by the German Intelligence Staff, the Military Governor's relentless demand for Miss Cavell's death—no scenario-writer could have improved on this drama, even if he had had the impertinence to try. Some minor liberties have been taken, of course. Miss Cavell was neither young nor beautiful, as Anna Neagle makes her; I found Zasu Pitts' American comedy out of key; and when Germans are supposed to be speaking German in their own court, I failed to see why they should have a broken accent. But these are small things. *Nurse Edith Cavell* tells a great and inspiring story with dignity and discretion.

PURELY as entertainment, the best film of the week is probably *Only Angels Have Wings*. The formula is old enough. Cary Grant runs a commercial flying company somewhere in South America. Fog and storms and mountains cause crash after crash, but the mail must go through. Upon this trite foundation, Howard Hawks has built an epic of courage, loyalty and

"Angels Wash Their Faces": the newest Dead End Kids film is very much to formula—sister of slum boy determining to reform him, falling in love with the smart young investigator of the District Attorney's office when their paths cross: that is what is happening here through the media of Ann Sheridan, Frankie Thomas and Ronald Reagan. Bonita Granville figures as the Kids' "moll," Eduardo Cianelli as a sinister citizen. The film went to the Warner for last week

self-sacrifice, and the flying scenes (including the scene where we see no flying at all but just Grant at a directing telephone while a flier tries to make a blind landing) are the best I have ever seen. Grant, revealing more depth than one would ever have suspected; Thomas Mitchell, in a poignant study of a veteran whose eyes have failed; Richard Barthelmess, as the coward who handsomely redeems himself; Jean Arthur, the good-hearted chorus girl—they all have opportunities, and take them handsomely, in the most thrilling picture of the air we have seen since *Dawn Patrol*.

"Only Angels Have Wings": the film at the Regal, also drawing the celestial throng into its title, is nevertheless quite different from the Dead End Kids picture (above). It is set in a picaresque South American banana port, deals vividly with the everyday heroism of a group of commercial fliers, led by Cary Grant, inspired by Jean Arthur (right)

Noah Beery, Junior (left), makes a good impression and an early demise in "Only Angels Have Wings" (Regal): here he and a 'plane-mate show the newly arrived showgirl, Jean Arthur, the sights of their base. The film is reviewed here

Richard Barthelmess follows his welcome return to the screen with a remarkable portrayal in "Only Angels Have Wings" of a cowardly pilot who suddenly finds his nerve

Getting

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Hammond — Kirkness

Lieut. Reginald J. L. Hammond, R.N., son of the late Lieut.-Col. F. A. Lucas Hammond, and stepson of Mrs. M. B. Hammond, of Gorsemount, Grayshott, Hants., and Margaret Elizabeth Kirkness, daughter of the late Dr. W. Ronald Kirkness, and Mrs. Kirkness, of Kernick, Grayshott, were married at Grayshott Parish Church

Lloyd Evans — Hope

Sq.-Leader Dudley Lloyd Evans, M.C., D.F.C., and Margaret Ralston Hope, daughter of Sir Harry Hope, Bt., and Lady Hope, of Kinnettles, Angus, were married at Upper Heyford Parish Church. He is the elder son of the late Thomas Lloyd Evans, and Mrs. Lloyd Evans, of Newport, Mon.

Moore — Cokayne

Capt. Robert William Alfred Moore, Royal Artillery, and the Hon. Ruth Cokayne were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of Richmond Moore, of Bridge House, Felstead, Essex, and the late Mrs. Moore. She is the sister of Lord Cullen of Ashbourne, daughter of the first baron, and an expert motor engineer

Carrington Smith — Foljambe

Stephen Carrington Smith, son of the late George Smith, and Mrs. George Smith, of Woodway, Hoddesdon, Herts., and Ursula Susan Annette Mary Foljambe, daughter of Major the Hon. Bertram and Mrs. Foljambe, of Highwood, Hertford Heath, Herts., were married at Great Amwell. The bride's uncle, the Earl of Liverpool, gave her away as her father is abroad

Hobson — Haydon

Squadron-Leader W. F. C. Hobson, R.A.F., of Rustington, Sussex, and Jean R. Haydon, of Kirkwall, Orkney, were married last month at All Saints, Newton Stewart, Scotland

Right: Eric Murray Prain, youngest son of James Prain, of Kincaple, St. Andrews, and the late Mrs. Prain, and former Cambridge golf captain, was married at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, to Patricia Minna Wheatley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Wheatley, of Melbourne, Australia

Pollard-Urquhart — Koppel

Flying Officer Bruce E. A. Pollard-Urquhart, R.A.F., only son of Capt. and Mrs. Michael Pollard-Urquhart, of Craigston Castle, Turriff, Aberdeenshire, and Margaret Mary (Bobs) Koppel, only daughter of the late Percy Alexander Koppel, H.M. Diplomatic Service, and Mrs. Koppel, of 5, Sumner Place, S.W.7, were married at St. Mary's, Graham Street

Prain — Wheatley

Married

McElligott—Barratt

Flt.-Lieut. Neil Martin McElligott, R.A.F., only son of Mr. Justice McElligott, K.C., of the County Club, Limerick, and Mrs. McElligott, of Hatch St., Dublin, and Suzanne Barratt, only daughter of Air Marshal and Mrs. A. S. Barratt, of Eastfield House, Andover, Hants., were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick

Walford—Ralli

Major John Herbert Walford, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Walford, of the Old House, Wolverton, Hants., and Diana Myrtle Ralli, eldest daughter of Sir Strati Ralli, Bt., and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, Hants., were married at Bramley Parish Church

Senora Ultamo Kindelan

Capt. Ultamo Kindelan and Doreen Everett, daughter of Mrs. Everett, of Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, W.1, were married at Sanlucar, Andalusia, Spain. He is the son of General Kindelan, air chief to General Franco during the Spanish civil war

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing

A September bride was Joan McMinnies, who married Charles Ian Orr-Ewing, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Orr-Ewing, of 70, Chester Square, S.W.1. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McMinnies, of Tudor House, Cheltenham

Lenare

Mrs. Timothy Palmer

Patricia Mulholland, well-known Irish horsewoman, married Timothy Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Palmer, of South Hill, Sherborne, Dorset. She is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. H. Mulholland, M.P., Speaker of the Parliament of N. Ireland, and the Hon. Mrs. Mulholland, of The Speaker's House, Stormont, Belfast

Brodie—Budgen

Ninian Brodie, son of The Brodie and Mrs. Brodie, of Brodie, Brodie Castle, Morayshire, and Helena Budgen (Helena Siddons on the stage), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Budgen, of Winton, Wendover, Bucks., were married at Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone

Milles-Lade—McDougall

George Milles-Lade, of Nash Court, Faversham, Kent, son of the late Hon. H. A. Milles-Lade, and Mrs. Milles-Lade, of 2, Trevor Place, S.W.7, and nephew of Earl Sondes, who was his best man, was married at Norton Parish Church, Kent, to Pamela McDougall, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Herbert McDougall, of Cawston Manor, Norfolk, and Mrs. McDougall, of Provender, Faversham, Kent

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

Dance with Doves (Enid Squire-Brown)

Fakir and amateur competitor (Nervo and Naughton)

Interrupters-in-Chief (Gold and Knox)

"The Little Dog Laughed" (Palladium)

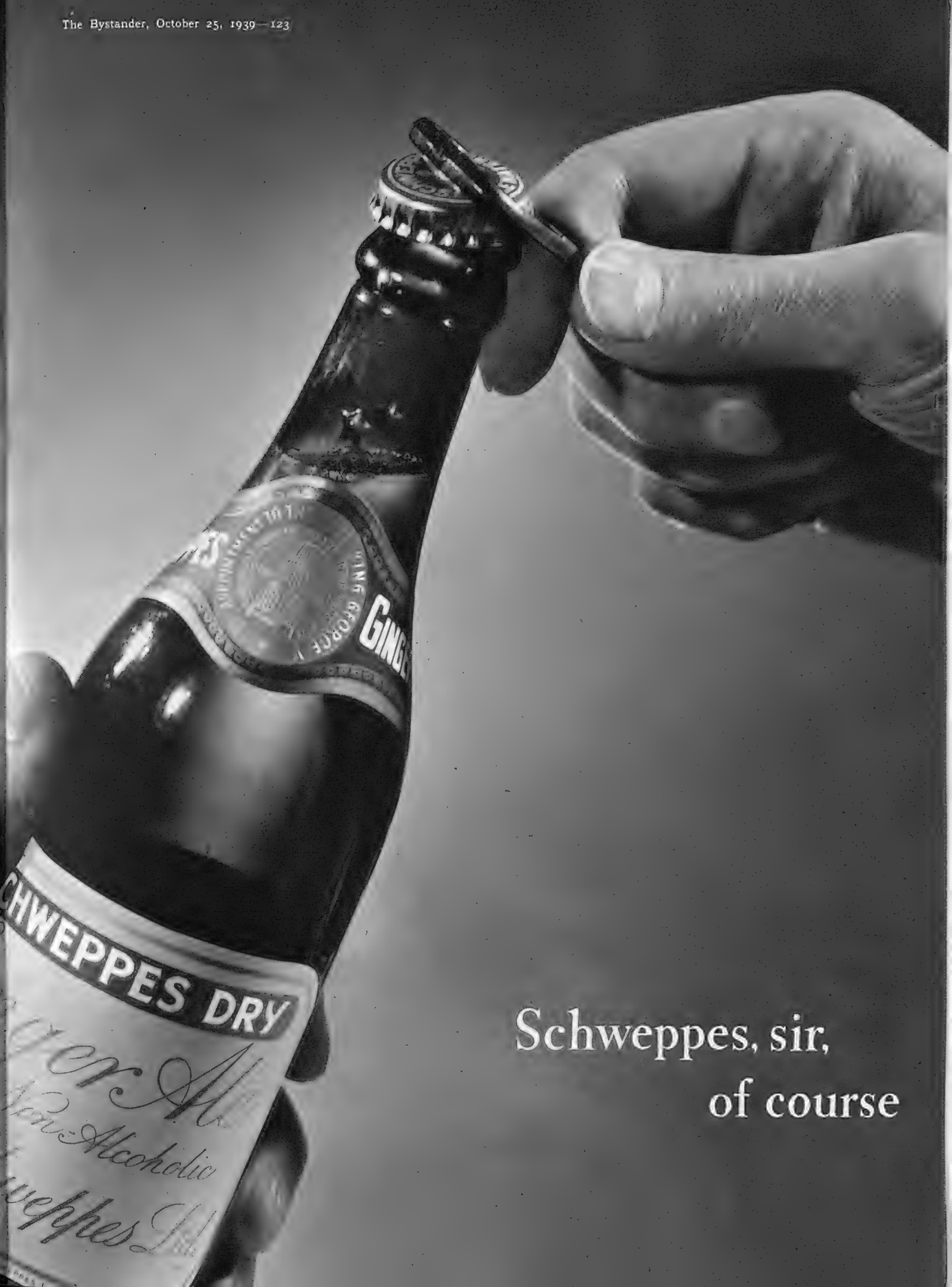
MR. ANDRÉ CHARLOT having given us *Hey Diddle Diddle*, and Mr. C. B. Cochran having given us *The Cat and the Fiddle*, Mr. George Black has now taken another line out of the old nursery-rhyme and is presenting *The Little Dog Laughed*, at the Palladium. What the little dog laughed at was, you may recall, the cow jumping over the moon—a surprising rather than a humorous activity. And there are surprising rather than humorous activities in this new spectacular revue which might also raise a canine smile—as, for example, when an exotic lady dances in deadly earnest with doves perched on various vantage-points of her anatomy in a big production Valentine number, with Cupid and Darby and Joan and a battalion of young couples attendant.

Theatre fireman and posh assistant (Flanagan and Allen)

THIS being wartime, it is only to be expected that producers should be on the side of the big battalions, which, happily for our assurance, are strictly British, if largely cardboard, in the super-Tattoo finale to the first part. Being situated in the front row immediately by the brass, it occurred to me that we, too, have a new weapon by means of which the enemy, once engaged, may be most effectively deafened and so rendered incapable of hearing orders or listening to Goebbels. Immeasurably the best of the "show" items in this entertainment is a Haarlem revel entitled "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones," in which a seemingly Hebraic parent sings blessings on his unquestionably negroid baby—not a very strict Jew, apparently. By rights, no doubt, Bud Flanagan should have blacked his face for this, but then the less Bud Flanagan he, for is not suet his immemorially native hue? High praise for the scenery and décor by Joseph Carl in this frenzied and exhilarating jubilification.

BUD FLANAGAN. Ah, now we come to it! The more I see him, the more I admire him, and the more I wonder whether Wilkie Bard, who had the same soothing quality but less broad ebullience, was his match. It is, of course, for the Crazy Gang that one goes to these Palladium beanos, and though the Crazy Gang is not this time quite as overwhelming as sometimes, it has its immense moments—especially when singing "Oh, we pull the damper out, And we push the damper in, And the smoke goes up the chimney all the same."

A SONG likely to be even more popular, but far inferior in merit, is "Run, Rabbit, Run," the title being three-fourths of the lyric. Knox, who is one of the cleverest actors in the country, has not such good chances to shine as usual. Most of the jokes are wit in its knickerbocker stage, though they almost always seem to end in trousers. At the second house on the second night, which was the night of my attendance, I don't think there was an empty seat. So it looks as though George Black will beat the black-out, concerning which and A.R.P. there are many jests vented on the stage. When Bud announces that A.R.P. stands for 'Anging Round Pubs, the roar of laughter is loud enough to drown an air raid. A simple joke, like many of its fellows, but how it does get there!



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Air Affairs To-day

By Charles Ward

The R.A.F. in Action

THESE notes are written "somewhere on the Allied front" approximately one week before publication date. Where is the front and what is true to-day may be quite wrong to-morrow. Citizens of Edinburgh and of Kirkwall in the Hebrides had stalls for the première and the second performance of air raids on this country. By all accounts, Edinburgh was taken by surprise. No warning was sounded and citizens crowded into the streets to watch the battle on high. So much so that one house licensed for the sale of liquor failed to open at the appointed hour because the publican was on the other side of the street absorbed by the scrap. Edinburgh was in no danger for the reason that the enemy is confining his attacks to military objectives. This point of view is likely to prevail for some considerable time. The Nazis need to conserve their resources, both of men, aircraft and fuel. Any large-scale attack on England must induce reprisals. The state of mind in Germany is not tuned up to air bombardment because the Government has stated over and over again that the country is impregnable. Both at home, in repelling invaders, and on the Western Front the R.A.F. has been a match for its opponents. First blood in Scotland went to an officer of the Auxiliary Air Force. There is no doubt that our fighters are more manœuvrable and faster than the enemy bombers, and probably superior to their fighters. On bomb raids to this country, enemy fighters cannot be in attendance because of the distances involved. This is an important point, which does not apply to our raids on many German military objectives, when conducted from aerodromes in France. It is quite true that they are nearer to London than we are to Berlin, but who wants to bomb Berlin, anyway? Other objectives are far more valuable targets than the German capital—targets which, if plastered vigorously, will cease to be of use as bases for enemy submarines and aircraft.

Modest

Flying-Officer Andrew McPherson was decorated this month by the King with the D.F.C. for his part in the Kiel raid early in the war. But he never told his fiancée, Miss Margaret Rowley, that he'd visited either Kiel or the King until the day before the photographers called to take this picture

Boys in the Line

ON the theory that the "Line" in the present war may be any part of enemy territory, those who live and work in places liable to attack for military reasons can be considered almost as combatants. There is no division between sailors, soldiers or airmen and others who are making munitions, aircraft, ships or performing any of a hundred other duties to keep the actual fighting force on the sea, in the field or the air. Boy Scouts are playing an important part in the country's defence, but the Air Cadets have a place of honour in that they are engaged with the Service on which so much of our success depends. Their headquarters, with those of the Air League, which sponsored the movement, remain at Kinnaird House, 1a, Pall Mall, London. A depleted staff carries on the good work and in the squadrons the same applies. Typical of the help which is already being given are the arrangements made by an Air Defence Cadet unit in the London area, which has sent a large detachment to report for duty at the adjoining R.A.F. station. The cadets are carrying out station duties, acting as despatch-riders and are manning balloon barrage posts. They are also ready to man the whole of the local A.R.P. communication system, day and night, should need arise, and successful trials have already been carried out. More than 300 cadets of this unit alone are working at such pressure that not one is now available for other services. Squadron commanders are advised to make first offers of help to R.A.F. stations, if near enough to render effective service there, or to assist at civil aerodromes and in A.R.P. or ambulance work. How the services of such cadets as are available can best be used has been left to the commanding officers of the R.A.F. or other unit concerned. There are now more than 17,000 organised and disciplined cadets in the Corps, and they are rendering useful service in time of need. Incidentally, the Air League's organisation of Empire Air Day resulted in a record sum being made available for aviation charities during 1939. The Royal Air Force stations were the major attraction, and a sum of £37,000 was raised, this being double the total for 1938.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

F.M. the Duke of Connaught *travelled in this discreetly splendid Rolls-Royce six-light saloon when he inspected the Tank Corps at Farnborough recently*

THE present little unpleasantness in Europe has tended rather to obscure John Cobb's very fine achievement in setting a new landmark in the history of automobilism by raising the land speed record to well above six miles per minute. America, however, is a nation not at war—at any rate, not yet—and as she is also the greatest motor-producing country in the world, her reactions to the achievement of this intrepid Britisher who triumphed so dazzlingly upon her soil is not without piquancy.

The *New York Times* of August 26th remarked: "There are divergent views as to the value of such records as that which John Cobb set up on the Bonneville salt flats this week, when he sent his special racing car to a mark hitherto unequalled by anything which touches upon the land—368·8 m.p.h. Some hold that machines of this order are so highly specialised as to hold no relation to developments in the sphere of ordinary use; others among qualified experts—and they are many—believe that in lessons of perfection of machining, in new cooling techniques, and especially in matters of tyre design [only the *New York Times* naturally spells it t-i-r-e!] and braking efficiency, such extraordinary juggernauts as Cobb's Railton and Captain Eyston's 'Thunderbolt' have much to impart for the betterment of everyday automobiles.

"Whatever the verdict in this regard, however, none will deny the chilled-steel nerve of the men who dare to drive them. To fit one's self into the cramped insides of such a car, cheek-by-jowl with engines that develop fantastic horse-powers, and with them purgatorial heat, and then calmly to unleash their might to build up to and down from a speed of more than six miles a minute—in contact with the ground—in a total run of only some thirteen miles, this is to possess a high heart indeed.

Now this is excellent journalism. But the only definite point which arises from the *New York Times'* survey of the situation is the tribute to the bravery of the driver. With this, of course, no reader would argue for one moment. But one would have expected a paper of the reputation of the *New York Times* to be prepared to give its opinion on whether or not such feats are valuable. Somehow I almost expected the article to end with a familiar, "Wot do you fink, chums?"

Well, the question is answered in no uncertain terms by the Washington D.C. *Evening Star*. After asking "What inspires these drivers to risk their necks in such attempts to get nowhere so fast?", and "Can any good come of the seemingly useless and foolhardy non-competitive dashes over the saline wastes of Utah?", the article goes on to say:

"Officials of the American Automobile Association, which times the events, say that these Britishers are wealthy sportsmen with no mercenary motives or other incentives beyond an overwhelming craving for speed records. But from their experiments with power plants, body designs, steering mechanisms, wheels, brakes, and tyres [only the Washington D.C. *Evening Star* naturally spells it t-i-r-e-s!] have come numerous refinements and even revolutionary improvements in slower types of motor vehicles. One tyre [sorry, t-i-r-e!] manufacturer, for example, has developed a heavy-duty truck tyre [you know what I mean!] based on wear and stress observed during studies at the Bonneville salt course. Truck tyres [yes, I know I 'm obstinate, but I refuse to spell it otherwise!] embodying the new principles will be able to take more punishment, thus contributing to economy of operation and to accident prevention as well.

"Methods of streamlining have been revised in recent years as a direct result of observations on racing-car performance. Carburettors, bearings, and other component parts of an automobile have benefited from the 'foolhardiness' of the speed demons Back in 1898 the attempts of the Frenchman, Laubret, to reach a speed of forty miles an hour was considered the height of folly. Perhaps it is worse folly to scoff at the seekers after greater speeds—for whether these dare-devils intend to do so or not, they are making valuable contributions to man's knowledge in the vastly important and related realms of automotive engineering and highway safety."

DURING the past fortnight I have done a lot of motoring over a wide area. How very different is the motoring of to-day from the motoring of a mere eight weeks ago! It is comparatively rare to meet with a private car on the open road nowadays, but heavy road transport is busier than ever before. Despite the dearth of private cars, greater care than ever before is necessary at cross-roads and corners to-day, for in the present state of emergency motor-lorries, excusably overladen with Urgency—One supplies, are hastening this way and that upon the network of roads throughout the country.

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A CORRECTION

In our issue of October 11th we stated that Mr. Bryson is Hon. Treasurer of the Bucks Red Cross Society. This is incorrect. Col. P. A. Hall, D.S.O., M.C., has been Hon. Treasurer of the Buckinghamshire Branch, British Red Cross Society, 7, Queen Victoria Road, High Wycombe, for a number of years. We much regret this mistake.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon Secretary of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course.** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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